

POET ARRESTED HERE BY LOCALS AND FEDS

BARSTOW, CAL (UPI) A man who fits the description of Tom Lackley, an outlaw poet who is wanted for the possession and sale of iambic pentameter, was in custody late today after local police and Federal Agents were tipped off by a mysterious phone caller who refused to be identified.

Authorities were told by the caller if they wanted Tom Lackley they would find him at Popeye Perkins Barn where a poetry and prose reading was taking place, passing out "some hot meters."

The local police surrounded Perkins Barn while Federal Agents, their guns drawn, entered the barn thru the loft apprehending their suspect with great surprise.

It was not known at the time if the suspect was indeed Tom Lackley, since his identification was not a positive one. A search did however produce 23 un-cut pentameters of iambic, 14 pure tetrameters of 98% trochaic, and 3000 various spondee.

ON THE DEATH OF MOE HOWARD

funny man
two fingered eye poker
the stooge with
the bowl-shaped
original beatle haircut
you once said on the
johnny carson show
(you were on the show
because too many people
had wondered what happened to you)
that you wanted only
to make people laugh until
there wasn't anything
for you to laugh about
and everyone laughed
and johnny carson made
a funny face
and everyone laughed some more

when you died
in a hollywood rest home
the one for
aging useless movie stars
it was inevitable
that you
would be alone
and now
although someone will
forgetfully try
to book you for the johnny carson
show again
(and laugh at his mistake)
you were probably
never more serious than
the times you were heard
saying:
this place is really haunted

-- Paul F. Fericano

Millbrae, CA

THE SEARS CAPER

his younger brother fondled the bikes on display nearby while maintaining a watch for the store detective. hands slick as Harry the Pickpocket, the kid slipped a 39¢ pair of bicycle handlebar streamers into the inner lining of his pea coat pocket. he faced about smartly and stepped on the foot of the store detective (while kid brother blissfully fondled the bikes nearby). "o.k., kid, let's have a look in your hidden pocket!" out came the 39¢ bike streamers and into a private office the kid was ushered.

he was prepared for the worst they could deal him. thoroughly grilled, he was ordered home to inform the parents of an impending visit by the law. before the mom he tearfully recreated the dubious deed, swearing her to secrecy -- for the dad would surely kill him. the apprehensive wait ensued -- what if they showed after the dad came home?! they didn't. kid Sucker. they didn't show up at all.